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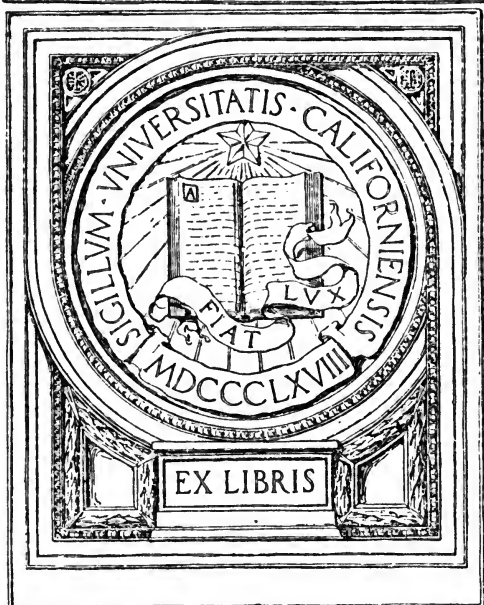
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On
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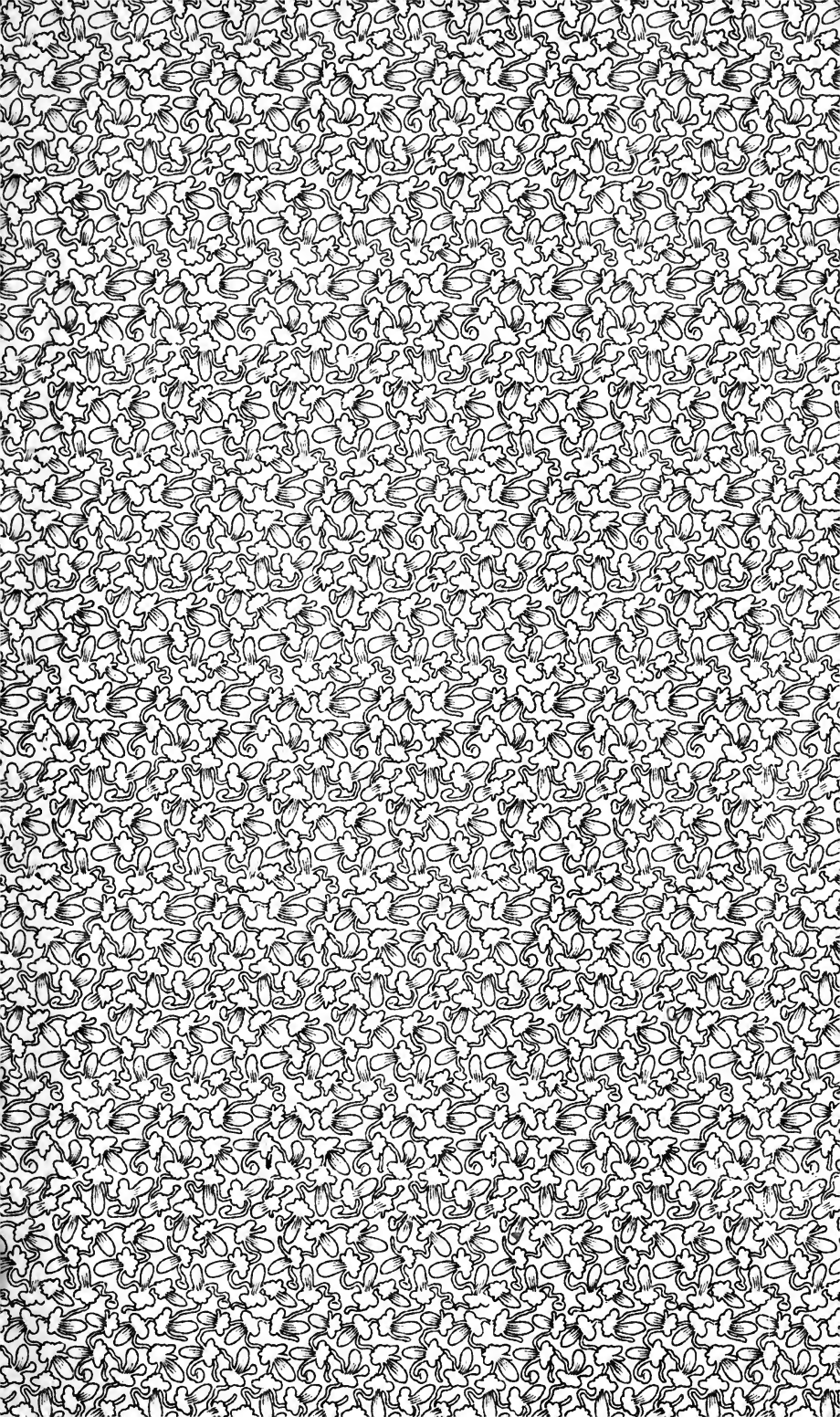
MARY CAMERON BENJAMIN

YC 14693

GIFT OF
Class of 1897



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52



To Miss Emma Wharton
a dear and cherished friend

May Cameron Benjamin
1400 Q Street
Sacramento Cal

no with
suspense

70. 1000
A. 1000. 1000

Q. 1000
1870

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Gift of Class of 1897

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
My Creed.....	5
Old Schoolhouse.....	6
Old Schooldays.....	7-8-9-10
The Skylark.....	10
My Childhood Home.....	11
May.....	11
Far From Home.....	12
Lest We Forget.....	12
Snow Flakes.....	13
Inspiration Point.....	13
Tiger Lilies.....	14
My Choice.....	14
The Hidden Name.....	15
The Builders.....	15
Sweet Fern.....	16
Sweetheart.....	16
My Dream Pillow.....	17
Heartsease.....	17
A Rainy Day in a Garret.....	18
Alone.....	18
In Dreams.....	19
Alice.....	19
Mary and Augusta.....	20
Mary and Augusta—Poem.....	21
Mission Bells.....	22
My Vacation.....	23
The Guest of Honor—Old Liberty Bell.....	24
Love at the Helm.....	24
A Birthday Gift.....	25
Sunshine.....	25
On My Veranda.....	26
On My Veranda—Poem.....	27
To Dr. A. M. Beecher.....	27
To Laura.....	28
Our Flag.....	28
Wond'rous Work of Man.....	29
My Studio.....	30
Not Growing Old.....	31
To Paul Lawrence Dunbar.....	31
Buried at Sea.....	32
Send No Flowers.....	32
Table Mountain.....	33
Climbing.....	34

	PAGE
Unknown.....	34
A Lul-la-By-By.....	35
Each His Due.....	35
Autumn Leaves.....	36
If.....	36
A Stolen Day.....	37
Friends.....	37
My Friend.....	38
Two Births.....	38
A Pacific Coast Sunset.....	39
Friendship.....	39
Queen Victoria.....	40
Drifting.....	40
A Memory.....	41
Old Point Lobos.....	42
Lincoln, Great Highway.....	43
A Voice.....	44
The Veterans.....	45
Apple Blossoms.....	46
Dreaming.....	46
My Dove.....	47
Love.....	47
Ode to Joaquin Miller.....	48
Mother's Voice.....	49
To My Husband.....	50
My Home.....	51
Together.....	51
Dr. and Mrs. Benjamin on Their Golden Wedding.....	52
Our Golden Wedding Day.....	53
Only Seems.....	54
Fond Hearts.....	55
Still Together.....	56
Awaiting.....	57

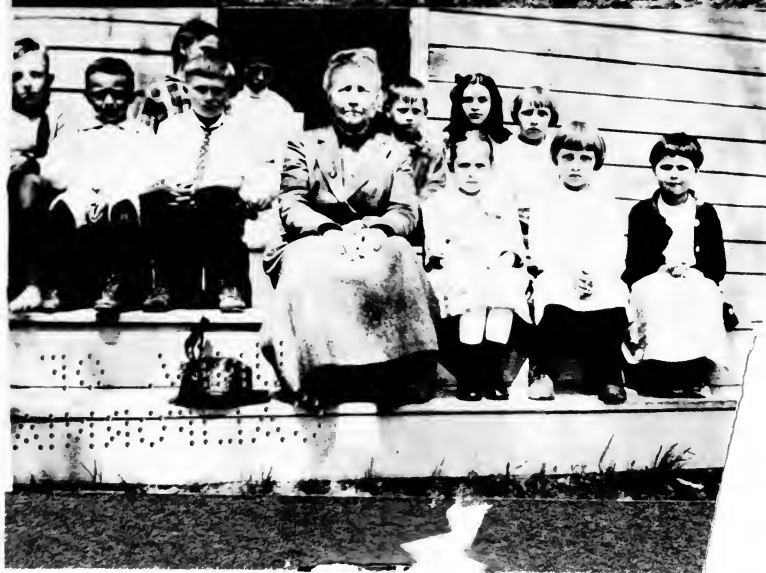
MY CREED.

Not to the scholar do I sing,
Nor to the critic verse I bring,
But from some tender, loving heart,
I trust my rhymes may pluck a dart.

Not for vain glory do I aim,
Nor for the prize of empty fame,
But just to please my friends and self,
I sing for love, and not for pelf.

For no high sounding rhymes are mine,
Nor yet in rhetoric do I shine,
But just a loving woman's heart,
Which makes for me, the better part.

THE
END



OLD SCHOOL DAYS.

"Do hurry up—it's eight o'clock,
And time to go to school;
Pray don't be tardy every day,
You know the teacher's rule.

"Your dinner's ready: wash your face
And stop that awful noise!"
So now at last we're off for school—
Two boys and two tomboys.

"What makes 'em scold a fellow so?
I guess we shan't be late;
Hurrah! there's Will and Hiram now,
Down by the lower gate."

With laugh and shout we bound along,
Half wild with childish glee;
And only pause for one good breath,
Beneath the big elm tree.

Then o'er the bridge and through the gate,
Up hill like deer we run;
The "big road" reached—now straight ahead
And all beat the "big drum."

"Hoot! hoot! hurrah! There's John and Vill,
I knew we weren't late!"
An answering shout gives back the cry:
"There's Bub, Van, Lod and Mate!"

Next Alice and petite Mari
Come tripping through the lane;
Then all run down to meet the pair
And climb the hill again.

The teacher's bell! Now one and all
Rush to the water pail;
"Give me the cup"; "it's my turn next";
"Ann's bonnet's on my nail."

The teacher says: "Come—take your seats;
We'll have no more comments;
But turn yourselves around this way,
And get your Testaments."

We little reck'd the study hour,
But only thought of noon,
With "round the carpet," "snake," and "tag";
The bell rang all too soon.

Now school is out—away for home!
As fast as feet can go;
But when at last we reach the bridge,
We hurry very slow.

"Let's take our shoes and stockings off,
And wade the brook a spell";
And now the wond'rous things we found,
None but a sage could tell.

"The biggest trout you ever saw
Dodged under that flat stone;
Oh! If I had my net along,
I'd catch him all alone!"

Then like a flash Lod's apron's off,
Is held across the stream,
To catch the very biggest trout
A boy had ever seen.

"Now girls, hold fast; he'll come that way;
Don't let him slip along";
With eager hands that stone is raised,
When, lo!—that fish is gone.

"He must have crawled down in the sand;
Yes; see the bubbles rise;
I know that fish went under there;
I saw him with my eyes."

But now the sun has nearly set:
Come, hurry, sisters, come;
For mother's sure to want to know
What makes us so late home.

Yes, sure enough; there's mother now,
Down by the garden gate;
And then our mother's voice demands:
"Why are you home so late?"

Now, mother, now, you needn't scold,
And get that awful gad;
The way that teacher keeps us in,
I think is most too bad.

A fiendish laugh breaks on our ear,
And looking toward the door,
There stands "that teacher," watch in hand:
"I've been here just one hour!"

Then answered one, in trembling tones,
Yet logic most profound:
"W-ell, mother, we all cut across,
While teacher came around."

Then as that stinging switch descends,
We hear a firm voice say:
"Now—don't forget tomorrow night,
That you must come that way."

Long years have come and gone since then,
We're scattered far and near;
Of some I've almost ceased to think,
Of some I never hear.

Some lives have been like summer days,
Dark clouds have some o'er cast;
While some—no doubt—in loneliness
Are dreaming o'er the past.

And one hath drunk the troubled lees
Of Marah's bitter pool;
And she the youngest, fairest one—
Our queen and pet at school.

One dwells beneath a southern sky,
And two, 'neath southern soil
Sleep in brave soldiers' honored graves,
Where Neuse's waters roll.

No mother's tear bedews the sod,
Where our dear soldiers sleep;
And she who loved the best of all,
In loneliness must weep.

Of parents, friends and promised bride,
And all he loved so dear,
Only one brother stood beside
That lowly funeral bier.

May no such cruel fate be ours,
Tho' far our footsteps roam;
But faces loved above us bend,
When we are bidden home.

O when the roll is called on high,
And names I love appear:
Of parents, teachers, schoolmate friends,
May each one answer, "Here!"

THE SKYLARK.

Come fly, love, with me,
And soon we will be,
Away from all trouble and strife.
And then very soon
The man in the moon,
Will make you my dear little wife.

Your bride-robe shall be,
The mists from the sea,
With fleecy white clouds for a trail.
And the stars may drop down,
A gem-studded crown,
To fasten your dainty cloud veil.

A honeymoon trip,
In skylark airship,
Will make a sensation, my dear.
The air will be found,
As safe as the ground;
So, love, we have nothing to fear.

We'll fly 'mong the stars,
And call on old Mars,
See if his canals are OK.
If we get a tip,
May sell him a ship;
To fly down and see us some day.

MY CHILDHOOD HOME.

The storied spots that Irving knew.
The vale where Thanatopsis grew,
The Catskill's top so grand and still,
The loved and lovely Berkshire Hills.

I know not words to praise the one,
Without the other being sung.
My home in childhood 'tween the two,
Look'd westward and the Catskill's view.

Or eastward turn admiring eyes,
Where, lo, the glorious Berkshire lies,
The Hudson flows at foot of one,
Green river by the others run.

Oh! land of beauty, land of song,
Does praise of one the other wrong,
I know not which I love the best,
The Berkshires east or Catskills west.

MAY.

Again we welcome flow'ry May:
Again the blue-birds sing;
And now our hearts are blithe and gay
Oh! gentle, balmy spring!

The fragrant orange blossoms with
Sweet incense fill the air;
The ripening cherries bend the bough,
Oh! lovely land, how fair!

Then tell me not of sunny France,
Of tropic flowers nor fruit;
The sun ne'er kiss'd a fairer spot
Than our own land of Butte.

Oh! golden land—Oh! land of hope!
Most beautiful to see;
Since God hath made His earth so fair,
What must His Heaven be!

FAR FROM HOME.

Far from home, too long I've lingered,
Far from home and Mother dear;
Now at last my steps are Eastward,
Once again her voice to hear.

She will meet me at the doorway,
Put her arms about her child,—
O! I scarce can wait the moment,
Now my heart is throbbing wild.

She will chide me Oh! so gently
That I stayed so long away;
Say that she and father need me,
Now they're feeble, old, and gray.

O! too long, too long I lingered,
Find I but her empty chair;
Now the cot is home no longer,
Darling Mother is not there.

When I look toward the sunrise,
Bitter blinding tear drops start;
Mother's sleeping on yon hillside,
Flowers bloom above her heart.

LEST WE FORGET.

This lovely tablet here we place
In memory of a vanished race.
Who o'er this Island once did roam,
And marked it for their last long home.

It may have been they here had found
Their spirits' Happy Hunting Ground,
But progress' ever onward pace,
Has claimed the Red man's resting place.

Their bones are scattered far and near,
Their spirits still may linger here;
And so this Monument we set,
Lest we forget; lest we forget!

SNOW FLAKES.

Eden's white roses are shedding their leaves;
The delicate petals float down,
Covering the meadows, the hills and the trees
With a beautiful snow-white gown.

Now some are gathering bridal wreaths,
And others are wreathing their dead;
As it falls alike on the bright and gay,
And on those who tears must shed.

Gently it glides thru' the air, but so cold
It touches the cheek with a sting;
Oh! now the earth seems a huge, white rose;
I'm sure angels these snow-flakes fling,
Or Cherubim, floating from star to star,
Are brushing them down with their wings.

INSPIRATION POINT.

YOSEMITE VALLEY.

'Twas awe, not inspiration,
That sealed my trembling lips
When first my eyes beheld your
Cathedral spires and tips.

The veil seemed rent asunder,
And I, an humble clod,
Had for a moment entered
The presence of my God.

The roaring, mighty waters,
Falling from mountains high,
Looked like liquid diamonds
Poured from a cloudless sky.

While all around the valley
Were sentinels of stone,
Reared by the Master Builder,
Proclaiming it His own.

TIGER LILIES.

TO JESSIE.

A basket of golden lilies,
From the mountains cool and clear,
Were sent by a gentle maiden,
My lonely hours to cheer.

Their smiling faces are freckled
From the kiss of the golden sun;
They whisper such tales of gladness,
That it makes me love each one.

They tell me of free, glad hours,
Far away from the busy mart,
While a murmur of mountain breezes
Is heard in each golden heart.

They tell me of wild birds' matins;
They sing me such tuneful lays
That my heart is filled with memories
Of my happy girlhood days.

When Lot and I gathered flowers
On the banks of flowing streams;
And builded such beautiful castles
Found only in maiden's dreams.

Thanks for your kindness, dear Jessie,
For the lilies so sunny and true:
Their golden light on my table
Is a loving reminder of you.

MY CHOICE.

The modest lily, royal rose,
Sweet pinks and pansies—all that grows
Within bright Flora's gay parterre
Can not with my choice compare.

Many there are fair to see,
Many rare and fragrant be
But the ones I fondly prize
Are a pair of violet eyes.

THE HIDDEN NAME.

There's a dear name hidden within my breast,
That my lips cling to in a sweet caress;
But never aloud for another ear
Do I speak the name to me so dear.

I whisper it to the murm'ring rill
I breathe it when nature is calm and still,
I tell it oft to the birds and flowers,
And with tears I bedew it at midnight's hours.

I sigh for lost days that come no more,
When we told our love tales o'er and o'er;
Then glory and honors, or wealth and fame,
To our fond hearts were but empty name.

Often he called me his "star of the sea."
And vowed I ever his load-star should be;
So came the parting with kisses and tears,
And it has lasted through many long years.

We parted, alas! to meet never more,
'Till in joy we awake on Eden's fair shore;
And there, 'mid sweet music—heavenly sound—
Rejoice in the old love newly found.

THE BUILDERS.

Our home is built
With song and tilt.
And the finest of everything in it.
No matter our name,
Nor whence we came,
Be we robins, or blue-birds, or linnet.

We work and sing
On the tree tops we swing,
But one on the nest every minute,
Then some sunny day
That's not far away,
We'll find dear little baby birds in it.

SWEET FERN.

O! the sunny vales I knew,
Where the precious sweet fern grew,
Bud and branch and leaf so sweet,
Nothing with you can compete.

Sweet-fern pillows, dreams doth bring,
Of the balmy days of spring,
Of the happy childhood days,
E'er we learned life's bitter ways.

O! to see thee once again,
Growing in the dear, old lane,
Just thy fragrant breath to smell,
Just to know that all is well.

Sweet fern, sweet fern, can there be
Any other sweet like thee?

SWEETHEART.

You ask me my ideal
What a sweetheart ought to be;
I can tell you, for I know him,
And he's—oh! so dear to me.

His eyes are blue as heaven,
With such loving lights within;
And that sly and roguish Cupid
Kissed a dimple in his chin.

He is tall and he is handsome:
He is gentle, he is proud;
He is one a pretty maiden
Would observe in any crowd.

And whisper to her own heart,
Every time she chanced to see;
Oh! he's such a gallant sweetheart—
He is just the one for me.

MY DREAM PILLOW.

It has oh! such cosy hollows,
Full of all things sweet and good,
Flowers and ferns and fragrance,
Pine needles from spicy wood.

It soothes my weary moments,
Takes me back to childhood days,
When earth was so near heaven,
That my heart is bowed in praise.

My pillow has other merits,
Has other charms for me;
Could you look into its corners
Something like this you'd see:

Roses and lilies and lilacs,
Forget-me-nots, too, are there,
With a bit of rue and cypress,
That I in my heart oft wear.

But even the rue is less bitter,
Sweetened with memories blest,
Knowing how short is the journey,
That leadeth to rest, sweet rest.

HEARTSEASE.

Oh! give to me the little flower
That wears the human face;
It sweetest is in mead or bower,
'Twould bier or bridal grace.

You may give the rose and lily
To the young and fair and gay,
But wear sweet pansy blossoms
When youth's bright hopes decay.

I'd wear them ever on my breast,
Their fragrance in my heart;
So when you're giving posies, dear,
Let heartsease be my part

A RAINY DAY IN A GARRET.

A rainy day in the garret :
Ah ! that hath charms for me ;
A cosy seat in the window,
Where I the woods can see.

No one comes to chide me,
Alone in the house I seem ;
I sit and build my castles bright,
And read and think and dream.

So a house without a garret
Can never my hopes fulfill,
With its nice, dark creepy corners
And a deep, rough window-sill.

Where I may build my castles,
And people them with my friends ;
Of earth and air I hold the reins ;
What a pity that childhood ends !

Old age finds my cherished garret
So dismal and dark and cold :
Full of pain and shadows and hunger ;
So a garret's no good when you're old.

ALONE.

Alone at night she left us
But, ah ! was she alone ?
To find her way unguided,
Up to the dear, new home.

Who knows who came to bear her,
Out to the golden shore ;
No doubt it was the dear one
Who just had gone before.

And now at home together,
Free from the dross of earth,
They wait, 'mid fadeless flowers,
Their children's heavenly birth.

IN DREAMS.

In dreams I see my native hills :
In dreams I breathe the air
Borne by the zephyrs from thy tops
Dear Catskills, oh ! so fair !

On grander peaks of mystic blue,
The sunlight never rose ;
While at thy feet, in majesty,
The Hudson calmly flows.

How oft, in childhood's sunny days,
When tired with laugh and play,
I've rested gazing on thy heights,
'Mid clover blossoms gay.

And should my waking eyes behold,
These well-loved scenes no more ;
I know their like I'll never find
This side the "Golden Shore."

ALICE.

Give one thought to me as you gather around
Your bright, glowing hearth-stone tonight ;
Go back to our childhood in fancy again,
To the years that were fleeting and bright.

Give a thought to the hours we sat at our desk,
To the days that we roamed thro' the wood ;
When hunting for beechnuts or winter greens bright
All earth to our vision seemed good.

Tho' here, on the Occident's green sunny slope,
'Neath the shade of the orange and vine,
With birds singing o'er me and flowers in bloom,
For the faces of kindred I pine.

For the strong, tender clasp of your loving hands,
For a word—for a smile—for a kiss ;
A chair by your fireside, tho' storms rage without,
I would gladly exchange all for this.



MARY.

Little namesake well you know
Where the fairest flowers grow,
And you bring me buds and blooms,
Till their fragrance fills my rooms.

Sweetest roses, oh so fine,
In my silvery hair you twine,
Darling little blue-eyed elf,
None are sweeter than yourself.

AUGUSTA.

Dear little brown-eyed Augusta,
Who was born in the Klondike so cold,
To us she is the fairest of jewels,
More precious than mountains of gold,

She came in the dark of December,
In the land of the midnight sun,
And now though a baby no longer,
All hearts by her sweetness are won.

MISSION BELLS.

O! Mission Bells, sweet Mission Bells,
What wond'rous tale your soft voice tells,
Of pious woman's noble stand,
So long ago in far-off land.

Men gave the gold which they could spare,
Then gentle woman gave her share;
Took off her broaches, rings and gems,
And melted up her diadem.

To do her part to carry light,
To heathen sunk in God-less night;
Then listen to the sweet-toned bells,
And learn the secret that it tells.

The gold and silver all can hear,
It rings so rich and loud and clear,
But there's a tone that's richer far,
Than tones of metal ever are.

The Emerald rings of pastures green,
The Diamond of great glories seen,
The Pearl rings tear drops of decay,
For Mission almost swept away.

The Ruby rings a note of joy,
She knew all Earth had some alloy,
And knowing well the Mission's worth,
By faith she saw the Landmark's birth.

O! noble ladies of Castile,
Your pious offerings, earnest zeal,
Shall life once more your mission give,
And prove indeed that spirits live.

Then ring, sweet Carmel Mission Bells,
For to a list'ning world you tell
That health and beauty here are free,
In lovely Carmel-by-the-Sea.

MY VACATION.

I circled the globe in my old rocking chair,
Not a place you can name, but I have been there.

No baggage, no ticket, no bother was there,
Just my books, and my table, and old rocking chair.

We sat on a bridge in queen Venice, the fair,
Saw gondolas glide by, a sight that was rare.

Next Rome was our prize all her treasures to share,
For there's nothing too good for me and my chair.

Then Florence, the golden, and what can compare
With the beautiful Arno? And Gordon was there.

Saw the cold frozen north with its glitter and glare,
From a warm, cozy nook in that same rocking chair.

Saw the mystical light of the midnight sun,
And danger of death thru' icebergs we've run.

Saw aurora borealis, so God-like and fair,
Thru' the eyes of a friend, one who had been there.

All pleasures and glories of travel we share,
With feet on the fender, in my old rocking chair.

To Lew Wallace lands I have clear title deeds,
On the wealth of the Indies' I draw at my needs.

Roam the heart of the tropics 'mid thrice-heated air,
On a cool shady porch, in my old rocking chair.

I sup oft with the greatest in every land,
In the presence of princes I need never stand.

Their thoughts and their labors and treasures I share
'Neath my own study lamp, in my own rocking chair.

When weary of Earth we oft soar to the stars,
Watch the moon in her orbit call on Venus and Mars.

Indeed there's no limit, and with so little care,
To the marvelous trips in my old rocking chair.

THE GUEST OF HONOR—OLD LIBERTY BELL

You, old bell, though worn and crippled,
You! the Honored Guest shall be,
Every loyal heart remembers,
How you rang for Liberty.

You first told the wond'rous story,
"The Flag of Freedom" is unfurled,
Tho' long years ago you told it,
It still rings around the world.

Still that iron voice is ringing,
And its music ne'er will cease,
Once again we long to hear you,
Ring, Old Bell, Oh! ring for Peace.

That this pilgrimage you're making,
Surely some great work is for,
God in heaven, Oh! grant the glory,
That you ring the end of war.

As in that far Quaker city,
Once you rang the knell of fate,
May you ring the peace of nations,
Here beside the Golden Gate.

LOVE AT THE HELM.

If love, pure love is at the helm,
No matter how the storms may rage
Our barges it can ne'er overwhelm,
In any clime or age.

Love holds the tempest in his hand,
The elements his laws obey,
There is no power love can withstand,
For love is love alway.

It turns black darkness into light,
It lightens ev'n death's dark gloom;
It leads the soul to glorious heights,
And lives beyond the tomb.

A BIRTHDAY GIFT.

You ask me why I cherish
This withered, faded rose,
When, in my lovely garden,
So many brighter grow.

The hand that plucked this flower,
And placed it on my breast,
Is the dearest one on earth to me,
The kindest and best.

It was my lover-husband,
Of more than thirty years;
My truest friend in sickness,
In health, in joy, or tears.

So, when he gave this rosebud,
With a tender word and kiss,
'Twas better far than jewels:
That's why it cherished is.

SUNSHINE.

Carry sunshine with you,
Wherever you may go;
You'll meet a warmer welcome
From every one you know.

All have enough of shadow,
So don't bring any more;
But everywhere you enter,
Let sunshine in the door.

A smile, a word of greeting,
Or just a jolly nod,
May make some sad heart lighter,
And make them think "Thank God"

That all's not grouch and grumble
And soon they'll understand,
Ev'n though it may be hazy,
There's sunshine in the land.



ON MY VERANDA.

The starry bloom of the orange tree
Is shedding its fragrance over me
Side by side with the rich ripe fruit
That's always found in the groves of Butte.

Look where I will, I'm sure to see
The blooming rose and the orange tree;
Roses of red, yellow, pink and white,
Roses grown to a wond'rous height.

Dropping their petals so bright and sweet,
To make a carpet for dainty feet
Brighter and finer than Orient loom.
Hath ever woven for queen's own room.

The lilies, too, add a tender grace
With their broad, green leaves and pure white face.
But a clinging vine on the old gray wall,
For me hath the greatest charm of all.

Here a pair of birds have built a home,
And here their nestlings will some day come;
I'll rest 'neath the shade of my orange tree.
And the birds will sing sweet songs to me.

TO DR. A. M. BEECHER

On her 80th birthday.

Full fourscore years you've graced this earth,
Which was made better by your birth;
To mark your honored natal day
And add one tiny, tender ray
To all the wishes, fond and true,
Which friends this day will send to you;
While yet the garden bent with dew,
I culled these fragrant flowers for you.

A rose, a pink, sweet mignonette,
And the flower that bids us "not-forget."
Each petal holds a loving prayer
That we, some day, shall meet somewhere,
Where youth and age are all the same
And life and love are more than name.

TO LAURA.

Musing here in the twilight,
Dreaming of youth long fled,
My thoughts are oft with the living,
But oftener far with the dead.

In fancy I'm back to our childhood,
Living o'er happy hours—
Hours that we spent as thoughtlessly,
As birds among the flowers.

We never dreamed of the shadows
That later were sure to come;
We only saw the sunshine,
And heard the pleasant hum.

Of the loved and loving voices,
That rang with merry glee,
Laughing, singing, jesting,
Our hearts from care so free.

We took no thought of the morrow;
We planned not for trouble nor care;
To us all life was a play-time,
But ah! it has proved less fair.

We have found that all must suffer:
Must part of the burden bear;
Must take up our cross and follow,
If we the crown would wear.

OUR FLAG.

Old Glory shall reign, o'er the land of the free,
And her glory and powers shall increase;
And this is the legend she proudly shall bear,
Prosperity, Progress, and Peace.

WOND'ROUS WORKS OF MAN.

Almighty power mankind hath tried
Creation to improve.
The barriers built at thy command,
Man's hand hath dared remove.

Yea! wond'rous work man's hand hath wrought,
To aid the human race.
Thine image God with brain and brawn,
Hath conquered time and space.

Two mighty seas now meet as one,
And continents divide,
Where lofty hills and forest stood,
Our stately ships now glide.

Man flies above the thunder clouds,
The lightning he commands,
The wind waves bear his messages,
O'er wireless seas and lands.

He hath enchained the human voice,
That ages hence shall ring;
Long after flesh is lost in dust,
The world will hear them sing.

Is there no limit to man's power,
His brain, his brawn, his pen?
We feel indeed we're living in
An age of God-like men.

We'll give these great men all their due,
All honor, praise—but then,
We'll not forget God's greatest work,
The Mothers of these men.

The Panama Canal is done,
Man's hand completes what God begun,
And turns two mighty seas in one.

MY STUDIO.

There are many cherished pictures
On my memory's gallery wall;
Some are transient, some are fixtures,
But I dearly prize them all.

There are sunny scenes of childhood,
Merry views of long ago;
Happy ramblings thro' the wildwood,
Hanging in my studio.

There's a lovely sloping hillside,
Where 'neath branches spreading shade,
In the olden, joyous noontide,
We at keeping-house have played.

Just a row of stones our mansion,
With a stick to mark the door;
And the blue sky for a transom,
And the green sward for a floor.

There are years of careless girlhood,
Filled with hope and joy and mirth;
There's a flow'ret from the wildwood
That was never born of earth.

There are sacred scenes of home life,
Which no careless eyes may see;
There's a happy, smiling, young wife,
With her first-born on her knee.

There are scenes of death and parting;
Scenes the loving heart appal:
And the tear-drop oft is starting
As I wander through my hall.

There is room for one grand treasure,
Which old Time is painting fast;
And he gives it fullest measure,
For it will forever last.

'Tis a holy, blest re-union
Over on the golden shore;
Where we'll dwell in sweet communion
With our loved ones gone before.

NOT GROWING OLD.

Nay, nay, we are not growing old,
But growing toward the light
Of that bright day beyond the stars—
The day that has no night.

We soon will overtake our friends
Who started on before,
We'll meet and greet beloved ones,
To part with them no more.

To those who're trailing on behind,
Who yet must watch and wait,
Before they too shall enter in,
That heavenly Golden Gate.

To them we say: "Be patient, friend,
Look up and trust our God;
For all who would the best receive,
Must pass beneath his rod.

Then here's to all who're growing young,
Who'll soon their cares lay down,
To wear for aye in paradise,
A fadeless love-gemmed crown.

TO PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

He has crossed the bars
Beyond the stars,
He has passed the color line;
He'll sing no more,
On this fair shore,
But his songs will forever shine.

Sweet soul so true,
We'll sigh for you,
For your songs so quaint and bright;
We hope up there,
Not one will care,
If your skin be dark or light.

BURIED AT SEA.

O Sea, O Sea, give up my dead,
Give back my lover to me,
Give back the lips I've fondly pressed,
Give back my dead, O Sea.

They took him from my loving arms,
They tore him away from me,
And gave my love, my tender love,
For thy cold embrace, O Sea.

Down, down in thy cold blue depths, O Sea.
They have buried my love from my sight,
And now tho' the sun be shining on high,
To me it's a starless night.

They say we shall meet, no more, no more.
Till I pass thru the ether blue,
So have mercy, O! God, I pray,
Have pity and take me, too.

SEND NO FLOWERS.

O! send no flowers when I pass.
Let no display appear.
But, if your heart holds one regret,
Be your tribute then a tear.

Give wreaths and other emblems grand,
Sing praises all may hear,
For those who love the world's applause,
I only ask a tear.

If one can say in honest truth,
If any one is here,
To say she did the best she could,
Then smile or drop a tear.

Bring flowers to me while I live,
To breathe their fragrant breath,
But waste no single one on me,
When I am cold in death.

TABLE MOUNTAIN.

Last night a royal feast was laid,
A feast for gods it seemed;
For mortals only heard the sounds
And so mayhap we dreamed.

Such mighty music filled the air,
Loud thunders roar and crash—
It was a scene for gods alone,
'Mid lightning's lurid flash.

The cloth a field of shim'ring gold,
Of poppies, rich and fair,
The centerpiece great Live Oaks
In solid stone were there.

Roast oxen placed before each one,
With casks for drinking can,
For here a banquet was prepared
For primal giant man.

Rich wines had mellowed in the cave
For centuries untold;
Now forth were brought to quench the thirst
Of these great ones of old.

'Mid pauses oft a voice was heard,
The Feather River sang,
A drinking song, so loud and deep,
With shouts the valley rang.

The walls of this great banquet room,
Creation's hall mark bore.
The Coast Range west, Sierra east,
The Buttes its southern door.

While Shasta stands eternally
To bar the icy cold
And shield our northern Citrus Belt,—
Our lands of fruit and gold.

But lo the day is breaking fast!
Away ye giant horde!
Morn finds deserted seats around
Old Table Mountain's board.

CLIMBING.

O! I am so weary of climbing all day,
Of fighting and toiling each step on my way.
No bright paths of pleasure, no down grades I find,
But steeper and steeper, as upward I climb.

I look back on my way, and see green smiling plains,
My feet then will slip and I lose all I've gained,
Till my heart and limbs grow weary and sore,
I almost resolve I will struggle no more.

Is there no way up save this dark narrow one,
No highway that's light from the rays of the sun,
Must we grope on in fear, one step at a time,
Not daring to turn, looking up as we climb?

Oh! tell me good spirit, Oh! tell me I pray,
Must we suffer and toil, up hill all the way,
And what is the view from the top when at last,
We safely are landed, with danger all past?

Then answered a voice, from the realms on high;
And its sweetness was gathered beyond the sky,
Saying: "Yes! child, it's up hill all the way,
From darkness up into glorious day."

"You'll smile at your hardships, when time shall be o'er.
When unfettered you stand on that beautiful shore,
A being made perfect, in form and in mind,
And wear the bright jewel the seeker shall find."

UNKNOWN.

Unknown, ah! yes, his name's unknown,
But every city, hamlet, home,
Will claim the hero as its own.

In Arlington his dust shall sleep,
Where heroes watch and ward shall keep,
For those on land and in the deep.

But in the great Eternity,
His name the brightest one will be,—
He died to save Humanity.

A LUL-LA-BY-BY.

Sleep little baby,
There's nothing to fear,
Sleep little darling,
Your daddy is near.

Mother's warm bosom,
Your pillow shall be
There from all danger,
My baby is free.

Scent of sweet roses,
Soft zephyrs will bring
Sun-shine about thee,
And sweet birds to sing.

Sleep, little darling,
Sleep Lul-la-by-by,
We will watch o'er thee;
God, Daddy and I.

EACH HIS DUE.

Most gladly we greet you,
In khaki or blue;
We know to our country
You all have been true.

All did not go over—
They had not the chance,
But were eager, and waiting,
The word to "advance."

Then give them all honors
Let all fare the same,
Our Soldiers, our Sailors—
To do less were a shame.

Then make no distinction
All offered the price
And were ready to make
The Supreme Sacrifice.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Drifting down in the sunshine,
Dropping so gently and slow,
Coming in whorling showers,
When the cruel north winds blow.

Red and yellow and purple,
Russet and scarlet and brown:
A mass of softened color
The autumn leaves float down.

Down to the dry, dead grasses,
Down to the damp, cold ground;
Knee-deep we soon will find them
Making a somber mound.

That again to earth returning,
Shall in the future bring
All that we now are losing
In the bright, young leaves of spring.

How like our own is the story
Of the leaves now drifting by,
Only a span of earth life
Ere we 'neath mounds must lie.

And we like leaves in autumn
Shall rise from our lonely rest;
But unlike leaves in springtime,
Be forever young and blest.

IF.

If we could lay a double track
To go with those who ne'er come back;
Go hand in hand across the deep,
And leave our senseless dust to sleep:
Yea, soul with soul, go hand in hand—
Then who would dread the shadowy land?

A STOLEN DAY.

TO AUGUSTA.

Dear Kate, do you remember,
That bright day in December?
When we strolled down by the river's rocky bay

'Twas like a day in autumn;
When all the leaves have fallen,
And birds and bees and flowers have gone away.

The air was all aquiver,
The sun shone on the river,
'Twas a picture such as heaven seldom sends.

The grey rock seemed an altar,
For music running water,
And the winter greens with scarlet berries bend.

'Twas not in a southern zone,
Where the ice king is unknown,
'Twas in the Berkshire hills you must remember.

Time must have made a blunder,
For wonder, upon wonder,
We gathered purple pansies in December.

Merry Christmas time was near,
'Twas the last moon of the year,
But the day I'm sure was stolen from September.

FRIENDS.

We meet, and love, and part,
Perhaps to meet once more;
Or it may be the last,
Until on Eden's shore.
And if we could be sure,
Of ever meeting there:
To part would be less pain,
And hope's star be more fair,
To once again clasp hands,
And friendship's vow renew.
For friends are friends for aye,
And never prove untrue.

MY FRIEND.

I have one friend, one faithful friend,
So loving, steadfast, and true,
Ask what I will he is ready to help,
And do all that such friend can do.

Tempt him with wealth, with beauty or fame,
His heart you'll not win from me,—
Always the same in sunshine or rain,
Such devotion you rarely will see.

Am I called from his side, he is lonely and sad
No other my place can fill,
On my return tho' away but an hour,
He meets me with rapturous thrill.

And my love for him is more than a name,
'Tis love that will last to life's end,
His love will not change—neither will mine,
For my dog is that faithful friend.

TWO BIRTHS.

We come with pain and travail,
Into a life of woe,
Of sickness, death and parting,
But how we dread to go,—
Go to a joy unmeasured,
Freed from the dross of Earth.
To live and love forever.
This is our Heaven'ly birth.

A PACIFIC COAST SUNSET.

Last night the sun sank out of sight
In a bed of gorgeous flame,
Of wreaths, and sprays, and feathery ferns,
And shapes and shades without name.

Rivers, and seas of rosy flame,
With lakes of tender green,
And dashes of blue, and isles of grey,
With all the tints between.

'Twas a royal bed for the God of day,
A picture so grand and clear,
Were it on canvas t'would mark the hand,
Of an artist without a peer.

And just above a fair young moon,
Looked down on the setting sun,
And the flame died out in a tender glow,
And stars came out one by one.

FRIENDSHIP.

TO MRS. G. ORMSBY.

The strongest, purest, truest tie,
That to mankind is given ;
The one that leads to greatest peace,
And makes Earth most like Heaven.
One that no gold nor gems can buy,
That asks no gifts from you,
But ever stands with out-stretched hands.
'Tis friendship loyal, true.

And if our friend be called away
It matters not how far,
We know the tie will bear the strain,
And shine out like a star ;
And if for days, or months, or years,
We may not meet our friend,
We know the heart is faithful still.
True friendship has no end.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

Master, Thy will be done;
A Sovereign's race is run,
Thy will be done;
E'en tho' our hearts be riven,
One more Saint in Heaven
A crown hath won.

More crowns than one she wore,
Great crosses bravely bore:
Her hope Thy cross;
Queen of our Motherland
Here mute in tears we stand,
Mourning thy loss.

Yea, weep all womankind,
Such friend we only find
Once in our lives;
Children her tender care,
Oh! how ye'll miss her there!
Orphans and wives.

Peace was her last desire:
Thus at her altar fire,
War held no part;
She for her Soldiers wept,
Their wives and children kept
Close to her heart.

As mother, queen or wife,
One nobler in this life
Earth hath not seen;
Pre-eminent she stood,
 overeign of womanhood,
God rest the Queen!

DRIFTING.

We're drifting down the stream of life,
Out to an unknown sea,
From whence no tide will e'er return.
The port's Eternity.

A MEMORY.

Lovely Carmel by the sea.
Oft my thoughts will turn to thee;
To the stately Pines so fair,
To thy balmy, healing air.

To thy waters sparkling bright,
And the glorious, starry night;
When we wandered by the shore,
Talked of days that come no more.

Saw the moon rise on the Bay,
Saw the shadows flit away,
Saw the waves wash o'er the sand,
Heard one call this fairy land.

Heard strange voices from the sea,
Whisper tales of mystery,
Stories told of loss and wreck,
Saw pale phantom-fingers beck.

Heard the night bird in the trees
Tell his mate how sweet the breeze
Coming at the solemn hour,
From the sea—Verbena's flower.

Saw the sand dunes caps of green,
With the pure, white sands between,
Looked like snowbanks rocked to rest,
On the restless ocean's breast.

Saw Point Lobos, gray and grim
'Neath the far horizon's brim;
Saw across the glistening sands
Classic Cypress Point, the grand.

Then the pine trees whispered low:
"To your slumbers better go,
Sleep and dream that soon you'll be,
Again in Carmel by the sea."

OLD POINT LOBOS.

Old Point Lobos, grim and gray,
Holds her hand to catch the spray,
With one long, gaunt finger bent
Toward the distant Orient.

Grizzled hand so rough and hard,
Rich the treasures that ye guard,
Lebanon's sacred Cedar trees,
Hath been trusted unto thee.

Zealous Pilgrims, long ago
As great Buddha's archives show,
Left their distant Orient,
On a pious mission bent.

Sailed toward the Golden Gate,
Found a country desolate;
Not one human being found.
But rock and sea and virgin ground.

Here they scattered to the breeze,
Seeds of their most sacred trees,
Seed by Holy Buddha blest,
E'er they started on their quest.

Planted they with throbbing heart,
Of their very souls a part;
Hear their sobbing voices cry,
As the winds go whistling by.

Scan those ancient Cedar trees,
Standing here by western seas,
Form of man, of bird and beast,
Mighty mysteries of the East.

Giants once, now feeble, spent,
Reaching toward their Orient
Is the cause of their despair
Souls of Buddha prisoned there.

Mourning for their sacred land,
For their Buddhist Temple grand,
With bared breasts in faith they wait
For Buddha at the Golden Gate.

Could we read Point Lobos well,
This the story it might tell.

LINCOLN, GREAT HIGHWAY

No braver men e'er fought or died,
Than on that rock-bound bay;
And Bunker Hill will ever mark,
Our Independence Day.

When that great day by man was won,
What mighty seed was sown,
"He builded better than he knew,"
Our state was then unknown.

But mankind, filled with "wander-lust,"
(And oh, there is a throng):
So pioneers just made a path,
And brought our Flag along.

No brighter star shines in the blue,
Than this bright star of ours.
O! California, land of gold,
Of sunshine, fruits and flowers.

The Feather River flowing through
The cañons wild and grand.
Yes, here the wond'rous works of God,
Are found on every hand.

Man, too, has shown his mighty power
The wonders to complete.
Has made with steam and iron rail,
The sea and mountain meet.

Here once the Red man roamed at will,
Ere White man's foot had pressed,
The leagues and leagues that lie between.
The boundless East and West.

No lovelier spot was ever found,
This day to celebrate,
Than here is found 'mid scenes so grand.
The finest in our state.

The Feather River cañon, rich
In all that makes for wealth,
In air, in water, fruits and flowers,
And best of all good health.

Here balmy breezes fan the brow,
'Mid scents of trees and flowers;
And here we find sweet peace and rest,
And dreamless sleep is ours.

Call it "King's Vale," or "Vale of Kings,"
Or good old name, "Big Bar";
To find a better place to rest,
You'll have to travel far.

But progress never stops at all,
So let us hope and pray,
The Feather River cañon gets
The Lincoln, Great Highway.

A VOICE.

All sounds were hushed, all voices still,
As the wond'rous music rang
Thru the mellow air, that summer eve,
And such heavenly stories sang.

There were songs so sad, so sweetly sad,
They made the tear-drops start,
As they told the tale, to our list'ning ears,
Of a lonely aching heart.

The stars were shining overhead,
Sweet roses at our feet,
As we sat on the moonlit-porch that night,
And reveled in music sweet.

There were songs of hope, of love, of woe,
But not one note of sin;
For the magic sound that thrilled our souls
Was the Voice of a Violin.

'Twas a master hand that drew the bow,
And made our tear-drops start,
And each one felt we were listening to
An artist with soul and heart.

THE VETERANS.

Ye gray-haired men with wounds and scars,
We look upon your ranks with pride;
Ye would, in our dear country's need,
To save her honored flag, have died.

In youth and health, ye gladly gave
Your time, your strength, your limbs, your lives;
You left your homes, your shops, your plows:
Yes—left your sweethearts, babes and wives.

Where hundreds went, but tens came back,
And some through weary years must drag
A crippled body, broken health—
But Oh! you saved our dear old flag!

On land or sea no braver men
E'er fought beneath yon starry sky;
No coward blood flowed in your veins:
Your motto was to *win or die*.

Could greater honor woman crown,
Although we sought it all our lives,
Than when we fondly, proudly boast:
We're veterans' daughters, sisters, wives!

Oh! Mothers, teach your lisping babes,
Tho' they in all things else may lag,
Two things must ever honored be:
First God, and then our country's flag.

The flag that won at Bunker Hill—
That Sherman carried to the sea:
That guided Schofield, Logan, Grant—
The flag that ever shall be free.

The flag now floats o'er North and South,
O'er East and West, from shore to shore;
And tells to every passing breeze,
Our land is free for evermore.

Long may God bless the Stars and Stripes,
That never to a foe surrenders;
And bless the gallant boys in blue,
Old Glory's brave defenders!

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

Apple blossoms, apple blossoms,
Dainty, fresh and fair.
Annie wore sweet apple blossoms,
In her golden hair.

The apple trees are all in bloom;
And birds are singing gay,
My heart is light from morn 'till night,
For oh, 'tis sunny May!

'Twas in this month I met my love,
The trees were all a-bloom,
And now alas, beneath the grass:
She's sleeping in the tomb.

Fair orchids, lilies, roses, pinks,
Are all as naught to me,
And other flowers have lost their power,
When apple-blooms I see.

DREAMING.

I am dreaming, fondly dreaming,
Of the blessed long-ago,
Tho' I dream it o'er and over
It will come no more, I know.

But like rays of vanished rainbows
That are lost for ever here,
It will lead me on to heaven,
There to meet the one so dear.

There to meet, to love, to cherish,
Hearts that now are sundered far,
Happy time oh! hasten onward.
Let me find my life's bright star.

And amid bright, radiant vision,
Find the one I love so well
Never more to suffer parting,
But with him forever dwell.

MY DOVE.

Rest on this breast, my own fair dove,
Wounded by thee,
Heal it for me,
Then naught can harm souls that so love.
Blest with a hope from above.

Tender dove, sweetly sing of thy true love,
Tender dove, sweetly sing of thy dear love,
Sing of home, of joys to come,
O sing, sweet bird, and comfort me.

Here fold thy wings, and be at rest,
No more to part,
Dear heart, sweet heart.
No more to grieve, but oh! so blest,
Rest thou in peace on my breast.

Tune thy voice, gentle one, to songs of life,
Then some fair day to come, be thou my wife.
And sing of home, home, home sweet home,
O! sing of home and comfort me.

LOVE.

Of all that life holds for you what is the best,
O! what would you keep, tho' you lose all the rest
Is it youth, is it health, is it beauty or fame,
And where is its dwelling, and what is its name?

In earth's lonely deserts, or regions above,
To mortals or angels, there's nothing like love.
It brightens the landscape wherever we go,
And beams like a star in the pathway of woe.

All melody breathing, all sunshine in gloom,
Love sighs at the cradle, love garlands the tomb.
Then away, far away, where bright planets roll,
Oh! there is love's home, in the land of the soul.

So love is the jewel, the brightest and best,
The one I would keep tho' I love all the rest,
For to love and be loved, every true heart will own,
Is greater to women than scepter or throne.

ODE TO JOAQUIN MILLER.

Men live and strive, then pass away,
And are remembered but a day.

The world goes on the same old pace,
And others come to fill the place.

But when a giant mind is born,
It brings new light into the morn.

Tho' for a time it be unknown
It soon will come into its own.

The Avon marks old England's bard,
A granite monument our guard.

While yon Sierra Mountains stand
One name will glorify our land.

Tho' towns and cities may decay,
Some names will never pass away.

Our Golden State, our Golden Gate
Are names well known to small and great.

But there's one name known far and near,
A name the whole world will revere.

They'll come from over seas and land,
And by his resting place will stand,

Will speak in reverent tones his name,
For time will but increase his fame.

And Joaquin Miller Hights will be
The mecca of the Western sea.

They'll climb the Hights and 'neath his trees
Look out across the Western seas.

In fancy hear the voice that's gone
Once more ring out: "Sail on, Sail on!"

MOTHER'S VOICE.

In memory's glass I often see,
A happy group at Mother's knee,
Each eager, smiling, happy face,
In its accustomed resting place.

She tells us tales of long ago,
She sings us songs, so soft and low,
On her brown hair the firelight gleams,
While Father in his armchair dreams.

Her knitting needles click in rhyme,
With songs of her sweet girlhood time,
And when the happy hour is o'er
We always beg just one song more.

Her sweet voice fills the dear old room,
With "Annie Laurie," "Bonnie Doon,"
Or "Auld Lang Syne," or "Robin Adair";
And then she'd sing the "Old Armchair."

Or it might be loved "Home, Sweet Home,"
Or "Blue Alsatian Mountains" roam,
Where "Afton's Waters" gently flow,
Or dear old song, "Long, Long Ago."

And then the "Mocking Bird's" sweet call,
Or "Harps that once thru Tara's Hall,"
So many more flow in the train,
To name them all would be in vain

On Sabbath evenings, good old hymns,
Are all dear Mother ever sings,
"On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand,"
Or "Rock of Ages" Oh! so grand.

Since that far day we've heard them all,
Whose singing holds the world in thrall,
Not all the sounds that round us throng,
Can thrill our hearts like Mother's song.

And when the ferryman shall come,
To bear us to our final home,
Where heavenly music hearts rejoice,
Not one will equal Mother's voice.

TO MY HUSBAND.

The days and the years, love,
Are wearing away,
The locks once so golden,
Are fast turning grey;
The steps once so sprightly,
Are halting and slow,
For the days of our wooing,
Are long, long ago.

Your coming in June,
With birds, and sweet flowers,
Brought to my young heart,—
Oh! such bright, happy hours:
But our hearts are as fond
As they were in our youth,
More loving and tender,
We are one now in truth.

Together we'll go to,
The sunset of life,
A faithful fond husband,
A fond loving wife.
For our long wedded years,
Are far brighter I know,
Than the days of our wooing,
So long, long ago.

MY HOME.

I care not, my darling,
How far you may roam,
My heart's in your keeping
And you are my home.
It's but a brief moment
That is left to us here,
We'll live it together
In love and good cheer.

The time draweth near, love,
When parting must be,
For one will be taken,
The other, ah! me,
God help the one, darling,
That must be bereft,
But one will be taken,
The other be left.

TOGETHER.

It's four and fifty years, dear,
Since we in youth were wed;
But well do I remember,
Some things the parson said.
He said we'd find rough places,
And maybe stormy weather,
But that 'twould soon be sunshine,
If we but pulled together.

He said it was our duty,
To pull the same way ever,
Stand shoulder unto shoulder,
In every kind of weather,—
Now down life's sunset hill, dear;
In lovely, sunny weather,
We're going hand in hand, dear,
Together love, together.

October 30, 1916.



OUR GOLDEN WEDDING DAY

You say it's fifty years, dear heart,
Since you and I were wed,
To me it seems but yesterday,
So fast the years have fled.

The sun is shining just as bright,
The birds as sweetly sing,
As when on that October morn,
You pledged me with this ring.

The ring Ah! me is but a thread
Of that bright, shining band,—
But yet the ring is not more changed,
Than this fair, girlish hand.

Together we have breasted storms,
Together, sun or rain,
But Oh! we've had a thousand joys,
For every hour of pain.

We know not what the future holds,
What changes may await,
But trust the power that reigns o'er all,
Yet ask one boon of fate.

Now as we near life's sunset port—
Our sails so nearly furled—
That we together, hand in hand,
May leave this dear old world.

October 30, 1912.

ONLY SEEMS.

The light of day seems breaking,
The dawn of peace seems near,
With soul and heart, a-tremble,
We wait in hope and fear.

O! is this carnage over,
This cruel, bloody war?
This brother slaying brother,
And then, what is it for?

Just for the pride of rulers,
Just for the greed of power;
They've slaughtered by the million,
The best of manhood's flower.

And if the war is ended,
Great sorrows still remain;
The broken, crippled, bodies,
The blind, the halt, the lame.

They've clothed the earth in mourning,
With blood they've dyed the sea;
But one crime e'en was greater,
The one on Calvary.

FOND HEARTS.

O dear one, take my hand,
I know thy heart is mine,
Be thou the sunshine of my life,
As I will be of thine.
If clouds e'er dim our skies,
As here they ever do,
Be thou my fond and faithful friend,
I'll be the same to you.

FOND HEARTS, FOND HEARTS, FOND
HEARTS ARE EVER TRUE,
SWEETHEART, DEAR HEART, I'LL CON-
STANT BE TO YOU.

If on life's untried way,
We find some hill to climb,
If but together heart and hand,
We soon bright paths will find,
In spring's fair promise, Youth,
In summer's golden day,
In autumn's perfect ripened fruit,
Or wintry's locks of gray.

FOND HEARTS, FOND HEARTS, FOND
HEARTS ARE EVER TRUE,
SWEETHEART, DEAR HEART, I'LL CON-
STANT BE TO YOU.

(Repeat)

STILL TOGETHER.

Just fifty-five short years ago,
We joined our lives for weal or woe,
Pledged to live in peace together
Thro' all kinds of changing weather.

We've jogged along these many years,
We've had our joys and some times tears,
But this one fact full well I know,
We've had more weal by far than woe.

We've been true friends as man and wife,
Have learned that love is all of life.
And now we near the changing place
Where each alone the change must face.

The parting is a cruel pain,—
Altho' we soon shall meet again,
If you go first, dear, for me wait,
I'll meet you just this side the gate.

And then together hand in hand,
Before the final judge we'll stand,
And pray this may the sentence be,
Together thru Eternity.

October 30, 1917.

AWAITING.

Just a-waiting for the message,
That shall call me home to you,
It seems long, dear, in the coming,
But I'll keep this thought in view.

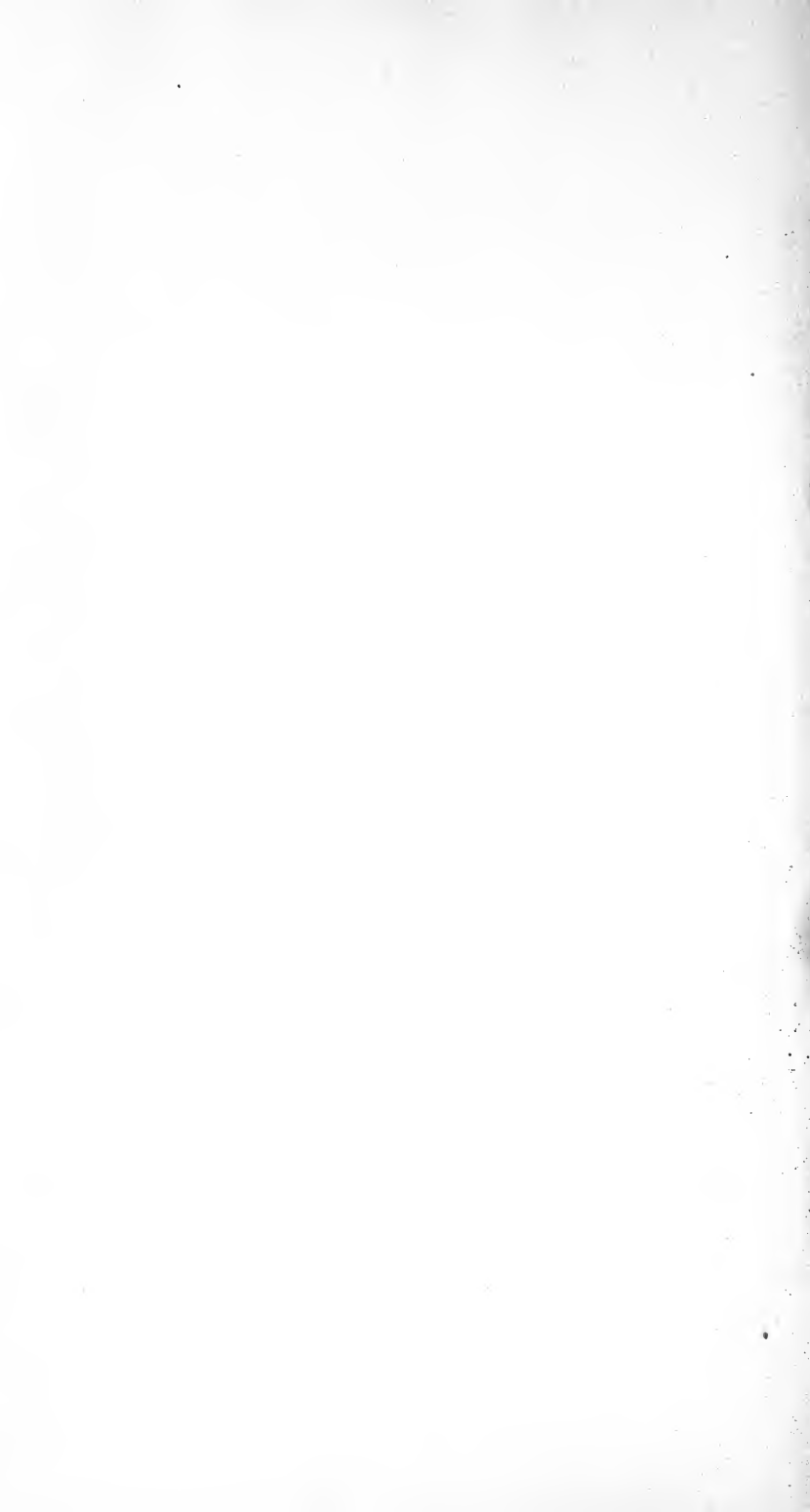
It will last forever, darling,
Parting then will be unknown;
All eternity together,
Heaven itself will be our own.

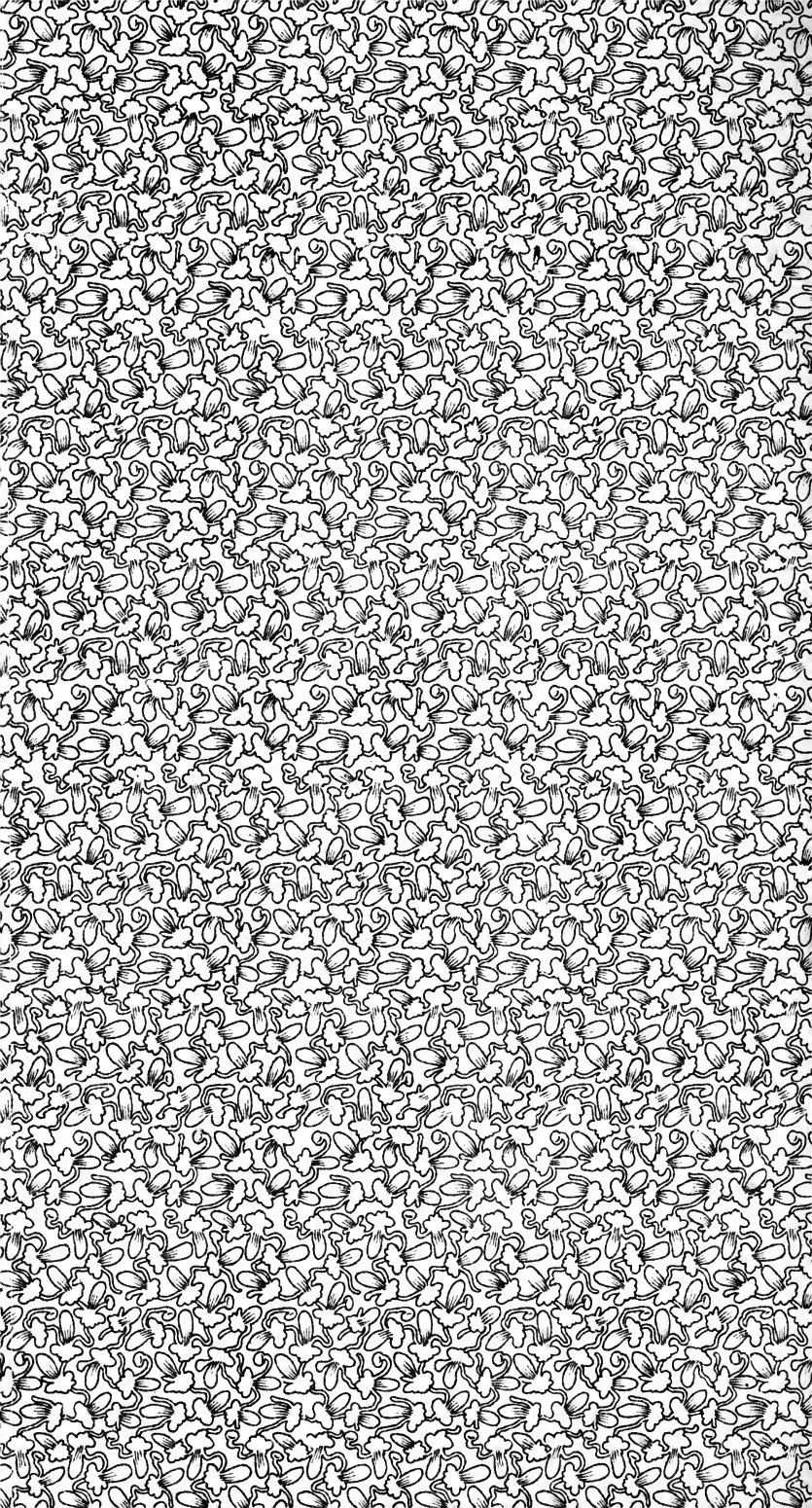
Just to serve and know the Master,
No more heartache, no more sorrow,
Just the bright sunshine of loving,
All today, no thought of morrow.

I will try to wait in patience,
Try to do some good while here,
Strive to do as you would have me,
If I fail, forgive me, dear.

Oh! I am so lonely, dearest,
Tho' among friends, good and true,
Doing all they can to cheer me,
All my heart asks, dear, is *You*.

October 30, 1918.





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